

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

MARYKNOLL

*Diligentibus Deum
Omnia Cooperantur
in Bonum : : :*

*To Those Who Love
God All Things Work
Together for Good.*

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American Foreign Missions

Approved—by the Council of Archbishops, at Washington, April 27, 1911.
Authorized—by Pope Pius X., at Rome, June 29, 1911.
Object—to train priests for missions to the heathen, and to arouse Catholic Americans to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this need.
Opening—of Seminary for Philosophy and Theology, Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1912.
Decree of Praise—granted by Rome, July 15, 1913.
Preparatory College—established in Diocese of Scranton, Pa., September 8, 1913.
Procure—opened in San Francisco, September 13, 1917.
Assignment—to first field (*Yeungkong, China*), April 25, 1918.
Departures—four missioners, Sept. 8, 1918; three missioners, Sept. 8, 1919.

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 1911 Van Ness Avenue,
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The American Foreign Mission
 Yeungkong,
 Province of Kwangtung, China.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We are grateful for the response made to our appeal for Perpetual Memberships. These result in noteworthy relief for building and other necessary expenses, and it lessens work in our subscription department.

OCTOBER—the harvest moon that slants its rays over the Hudson will shine, too, on the waters of the China Sea, where it will meet the gaze of the band of Maryknollers in exile, whose thoughts fly often back to home and to the hill they loved.

The harvest here that counted most was three new missioners to join the four. The harvest over there has been more than two thousand catechumens, today preparing for their union with the Mystical Body of Christ.

* * *

A DANGER threatens the mission activity of the Catholic Church in the complete exclusion of German missioners from the foreign mission fields.

If the scheme to bring this about is successful it will mean the withdrawal of more than a thousand experienced mission workers—priests, brothers, nuns—at a loss that cannot be supplied from elsewhere.

Pray that this danger may be averted.

* * *

IT would be nothing short of disastrous to strip the missions of Shantung by withdrawing

the German priests who have toiled so hard and produced such excellent results. The presence of Archbishop Cerretti at Paris doubtless prevented this, and we hope that all fear has passed.

In India whole sections are now deprived of priests because those who were there happened to have been born in Germany. England will be slow to allow their return. It is whispered that Mr. J. Bull is making it difficult to replace them by Irish priests, or even by America priests with Irish names.

Heigh-ho! there are small nations as well as small people. The Irish are certainly back of the footlights on the world's stage. In the meantime, it is hard to believe that England is getting altogether childish, but perhaps it is so. We know little these days.

* * *

WE are often asked what we think of China politically, and we answer that we have heard much but can hardly venture on an opinion for publication.

What strikes us as probably a clear line on conditions is the following, from a letter written to Maryknoll by one who knows the situation about as well as any European: "China is the sick man of the Far East and will remain so until some foreign doctor will come and cure him."

We have heard it whispered that in South China Dr. John Bull will be the one to try his hand.

POSITIVELY it makes one's mouth water and one's eyes green to look over the attractive pages of mission periodicals and pamphlets gotten up by the National Committee of Northern Baptist Laymen and a score of other denominations. Here on our desk is a sixty-page study of opportunities and needs, called *Overland and Overseas*, which has cost a pretty penny and is as attractive as the daintiest secular magazine.

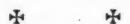
But then we, of the Old Church in a new land, are only at the beginning of our missionary career. We have started a little late, but another generation will find the mission wires humming—and great things being done for Christ and His wide world.



DON'T be surprised if you discover that it costs more than a few dollars to support a mission in China. Prices are higher there now, as they are here. Besides, the exchange is unfavorable, with the American dollar much lower in value than before the war.

There is another reason. We are beginning to learn that there is a difference between sustaining a missioner and enabling him to accomplish results. We have discussed missions in the terms of cents—and this narrow view has hurt the great cause not a little. We must face the fact that thousands of promising missions have failed to advance because their self-sacrificing leaders received cents in place of dollars.

Don't let these reflections frighten you. The missions probably do not need more from you, but more from others like you.



WHILE the Maryknoll Superior was in Canton last January news came that a seminarian, a deacon, had been kidnapped on his way to Sianian Island, where he had been sent for his regular year of trial and teaching before ordination to the priesthood. Two



Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for us.

months later Fr. Walsh passed through the village where this student with 300 other people, men, women, and children, had been seized and taken to a large mountain on the coast, but up to that time no effort to secure his release had succeeded. Lately a letter arrived at Maryknoll from Hongkong, stating that the young man was finally released through the intervention of Fr. Thomas, pastor at Sianian, and although considerably weakened in health is on the road to complete recovery.

Bandits and pirates have a free leg in China just now, but it is believed that, as a result of present conditions in Europe, order will be restored in China from without if not from within.



AN important paragraph reproduced in *Les Missions de Chine* tells us that Bishop de Guébriant of Canton has been named by the Holy See Apostolic Visitor to the missions of China and adjacent countries.

This is good news, indeed, to all who realize possibilities in the Far East and the need of co-ordinating forces.

No better choice could have been made by Rome than that of Bishop de Guébriant, who has the respect of every Catholic missioner, bishop or priest, in the Far East. He is a man of rare qualities, even among the best of Catholic present-day apostles—and this says much. Incidentally Maryknoll is quite proud of the appointment, because Bishop de Guébriant has the spiritual direction of the Maryknoll priests now in China.

We are almost tempted to ask ourselves, as we read this news, if a strong reason for the appointment of Bishop de Guébriant might not have been found in his anxiety to divide a mission that was beyond his power to develop with his own limited personnel.

Since his arrival at Canton, this zealous bishop seems to have been actuated by a burning desire to provide shepherds for the millions allotted to his jurisdiction. He quickly realized his helplessness—a condition that actually confronts nearly all missionary bishops—and with the wisdom of the true apostle he has taken every opportunity to cut off territory and people, so that he may with his present staff secure a better control of his flock. The Maryknoll Mission will be a section of Bishop de Guébriant's vicariate.



TO our readers who think of praying for us, we recommend vocations—among American youth and among Chinese boys. We need the best of each nation.

And among the American vocations we shall be glad indeed to obtain some already well advanced in their priestly studies—if not even now in the ranks of the priesthood, provided they are still young.

Some Notes.

"All Maryknoll publications are bargains," writes an appreciative nun who watches closely for the Christmas Book list.

The three Maryknoll pioneers in China will meet the three new arrivals at Hongkong, and we should like to be present at the reunion.

We have been waiting for years to record such an event and we hope to present it to our readers at first hand.

"You people up at Maryknoll don't do much begging, for a Society with your tremendous needs."

Oh, yes we do—but our friends don't call it such. They thank us for presenting a vital need to which they are glad to respond.

If you are fond of Joan of Arc we can send you an attractive Burse Card with her picture and twenty little squares with a figure 5 marked in each—which means that you can have the honor of securing one dollar towards the Maryknoll Burse dedicated to the Maid of Orleans.

Have you a Mite-Box to catch your sacrifice offerings for the missions? The Maryknoll Mite Box is simple, neat, appealing. A post card request will bring one to you.

A Maryknoll brother recently met a New Jersey pastor who gave him a bond, saying that he had feared it would be lost in the mails. Other friends who have a similar fear are invited to request messenger service from Maryknoll, and if the distance is not too great a brother will call. *But ask for the brother's credentials.*

A Canadian paper, *The Freeman*, reports that Fr. J. M. Fraser has been to Rome, where he secured approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and a blessing of the Holy Father on the China Mission College which

he has started at Almonte. Fr. Fraser has had fifteen years' experience in China, where he conducted a very successful mission in the Lazarist vicariate of Chekiang.

It is good news that an American Army Chaplain has gone to China—Tientsin, we hear. He will find a welcome, not only from the Catholic soldiers there, but also from the French priests and scores of English-speaking strangers in that land. Similar help can probably be secured for Yokohama when the need is made known to the proper authorities.

The chaplain for China is Rev. Francis B. Doherty, a Boston man by birth and member of the Paulist community.

Bishop Tacconi, passing through the United States on his journey from China to Italy, had the unusual experience of making his way almost empty-handed. In other words, although he sought opportunities to gather some golden grains, the result, after almost a year, was hardly enough to pay his passage to and from his mission.

The more is the pity, and the fact is difficult to understand, because Bishop Tacconi is a well-informed and interesting man, who can make himself understood in English and has something to say.

The Bishop's experience makes us long for the day when such a loss of time and effort will not be needed. There is plenty of goodwill among the Catholics of this country, and quite enough of money to meet the needs of our valiant missionaries.

Fr. Henry, the Superior-General of Mill Hill, the English Foreign Missions, recently visited the branch houses in Holland after an enforced absence, due to the war, of five years. He found both houses—the Preparatory College at Tilburg and the House

of Philosophy at Rosendaal—filled with aspirant apostles, and he writes that forty Mill Hill priests are waiting for steamers to take them to their respective missions.

The Preparatory College at Freshfield, near Liverpool, is also well-filled; and the only disappointment to be recorded is the unexplained closing of the newly established Mill Hill Preparatory School in Ireland, which promised excellent results.

No news has come yet from the branch at Brixen in the Tyrol.

The statistics give a total enrollment of about two hundred fifty students, of whom about half are at the preparatory schools in Holland.

Our enormous needs at home in this progressive country have so absorbed our thought and our zeal that we have hardly been able, till very recently, to turn our attention to foreign missions. The new position of our nation as the great world power will surely enlarge our vision. All over the world America will have tremendous influence. Up to the present moment, we may say, that influence has been entirely non-Catholic. To the world in general, even to the Catholic world, American is synonymous with Protestant. The wonderful strength of the Church in this country is almost unknown to foreign lands. The reason is that the Church abroad has profited little by our strength and our riches.

—Cardinal Gibbons

In one month recently three thousand bills were prepared at Maryknoll and sent out to delinquent subscribers. Calculate the time, trouble, and expense involved. Then make a resolution, if you were one of the delinquents or if you are liable to be classed as one.

The Late Father Price.

ON the morning of Sunday, September 21, a cablegram, signed by Bishop de Guebriant of Canton, flashed across the Pacific, announcing the death of Father Price, first Superior of the Maryknoll missionaries in China.

It brought its affectionate message of sympathy, which was deeply appreciated, but it cast a gloom for the day over Maryknoll, where all hearts went out to the three young missionaries toiling in the province of Kwangtung, to whom Fr. Price has been a guide and an inspiration.

Fr. Thomas Frederick Price had a host of friends in this country, from His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to the poorest of the poor in every walk of life. These friends will hear with sadness the news of his death, and some who knew him will say, "He was a saint!"

They will recall his apostolic labors in North Carolina, the State in which he was born fifty-eight years ago, his struggles and privations, his hopes and disappointments, covering a period of twenty-five years.

Some will think of his days at St. Charles' and St. Mary's, Baltimore, among the Sulpician Fathers, for whom his affection was strong indeed. Many among our readers will remember him in his zealous efforts to spread among the faithful a Catholic appreciation of the foreign missions and a particular interest in Maryknoll and its Field Afar.

Hundreds of nuns to whom he spoke in life will at once identify Fr. Price with their own deepened love for Bernadette Soubirous, the angel of the Immaculate Conception, of whom he thought often and talked much, as if she walked beside him along the pathway of this life.

And we of Maryknoll will treasure his memory as co-founder of this work and exemplar of the virtues he loved,—humility, devo-

tion to The Immaculate Conception, and burning zeal for souls.

The news comes as we go to press, and all that we know is that Fr. Price died of appendicitis, where and under what conditions we have not yet learned.

Pray for the repose of this truly priestly soul. Maryknoll loses a valued member on earth but gains a powerful intercessor with God.



REV. THOMAS F. PRICE, A.F.M.

Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world keepeth it unto life eternal.—John xii.

Soldiers All.

September 8, 1919.

(Today General Pershing, Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces, returns home to America; today, also, three Americans leave home to consecrate their lives towards the waging of unending strife against the Powers of darkness.

Our General returns in triumph, acclaimed by one hundred million people; our missionaries steal away quietly, acclaimed by a few dozen.)

TO GENERAL PERSHING.

ALL hail to thee! defender of the Right,
Who dost this day regain thy native shores.
All praise to thee! who didst for Freedom fight
And conquered, overshadowed by the Light
Whence victory comes, and not by force of Might.

A grateful nation welcomes thee today,
And praises, in unanimous acclaim,
Thy valiant feats, thy splendid service done.
It thanks thee; and in the Hall of Fame
It grants to thee a niche wherein thy name
Shall be inscribed as "one who played the game"
And won.

TO OUR THREE MISSIONERS.

ALL hail to you! defenders of the cross,
Who on this day bid fatherland fare well.
All praise to you! who, mindful of the dross
Earth's pleasures are, count everything as loss
Save souls' salvation, far distant seas across.

Unknown to men, you sacrifice your all
For God; unheralded, you go
In loving, eager, answer to the call,
The precious seeds of Christ's own Faith to sow.
Yet high above all bright your names shall glow,
As His dear friends who fought against the foe,

Like Paul.
—A Maryknoller.

WE ask your charity for the souls of:

Rev. Lucian Meil, S. S.	Mrs. M. Foley
Rev. J. L. Hoar	Mrs. N. Kruse
Sr. Mary of the Cross	Anna Sparnar
Sr. Walburga	John King
Michael O'Shea	Mrs. J. Devlin
Annie Ryan	Samuel Holliday
Patrick Nolan	Mrs. R. Tully
Frances Sheehan	Grace Burke
Mrs. A. Mooney	Robert Sheehan
Agnes Moran	Mrs. Julia Sheehan

About Mission Life.

Don't think for a moment that all a Catholic missioner has to do is to land among strange people, lift up a crucifix, talk, and baptize. That is all very good for the picture book but it does not work out that way.

The missioner must first of all gain the sympathy and good will of his hearers by some kindness—an act or a gift. Fr. Meyer, a Maryknoller, writing on this point says:

EXPERIENCED missioners tell us it is impossible to convert these people by direct appeals to the intellect; there must be some temporal motive, mercenary, if you will, to attract them. Of course, people willing to join the Church even with such a motive are not usually hostile, they are indifferent, or perhaps even well-disposed, but the spiritual things that the missioner speaks of are absolutely beyond the ken of their experience. They are simple, like children, and, once attracted, may be moulded and guided so that in the second or third generation we have good Christians, for whom the Faith is a'most a part of their being. One cannot be sure of the neophytes and there is always danger that if one's bounty towards them ceases they will fall away. The motive that has guided most of the converts has been the real or fancied help that the missioner could give.

Here is Fr. Gauthier's account of such a case. Fr. Gauthier was at the time up near Canton and a man came to seek him. This man was a shopkeeper in a market town nearby. Thousands of geese were often taken to the market on one day by many small owners, and to prevent confusion the owners decided to erect coops in some shop or other, for which a small rent would be paid. This man's shop was the one chosen and it came to pass that he got a considerable revenue from this source, which would make him in a few years comparatively rich. But a minor official

in Yeungkong had some influence with the mandarin and accused the shop owner of having passed bad money, whereupon the shop was seized and the revenues turned over to the official, who used some of it rightly and appropriated the rest for himself. Upon receiving the complaint Fr. Gauthier went to the mandarin and demanded proof that the accused had passed bad money. This proof could not be produced and the property was restored to its owner. In this case, as in most other similar ones, Fr. Gauthier did not have recourse to the French Consul, for the mandarins know and respect the agreement between the two Governments, by which Christians are under the special protection of the French Government.

The immediate reason for this long recital is that it bears on the desire of the villages recently visited to become Christian. One of these villages is at odds with a larger neighbor, which has filled up the community well on the grounds that it was objectionable to the dragon of something or other. Now the inhabitants of the smaller village wish to become Christians to get our protection. Another village, like many others, has been pillaged by pirates and looks to us for help. We hear that one priest in the vicariate has greatly increased his influence and aided the work of conversion by organizing his villagers and providing them with arms against the pirates.

It all seems a bit queer at first, and the motives unworthy, but when one stops to think of it, were those of the people who followed Clovis into the Church any better, or those of so many others who came in on the same principle? Fr. Gauthier is very optimistic about this district.

DR. Barry O'Neil, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Indiana, called attention, some time ago, to the attraction of the missioner's life, with its appeal to youth, to the best that is in man.

There is another phase of mission life that perhaps may strike young men who are not reached by the more emotional appeal of adventure. It is that the missioner's life is possibly the most rounded of any open to the man who begins to feel a God-sent attraction towards doing something personally for Jesus Christ.

It is not a question now of the amount of work done for souls, but of its variety.

In China a man finds needs that demand every faculty of body and mind; if he has five talents he can use every one of them, and even he of the one talent will find better use for his napkin. If he prides himself on his knack of acquiring languages, the field is open on all sides and he has choice of ramifying dialects to test his ability; or if he would put in practice the theories learned in higher mathematics, he has plans of chapels and schools and laying out of grounds, with problems of drainage, to busy himself with; his territory is practically uncharted and distances unmeasured. His "First Aid" ideas of medical treatment are strained to the limit within a week of setting foot among the heathen; and then the study of the human soul behind the brown or yellow skin is an interesting life work that would delight any student of physiological psychology. And to call out the best that is in him is the fervor of his converts, a joy in God that shames lukewarmness and stimulates, when heat and mosquitos are doing their worst to distract.

Every God-given faculty of mind can be used and strengthened in the service of the Church Militant at the outposts of the world. Not only the best that is in a man, but everything worth while, can be brought into play for the conquest of souls. Perhaps the best university for the development of an ideal rounded gentleman is the field of foreign missions.

Into New Fields.

(From Fr. Walsh, A. F. M.)

*American Catholic Mission,
Tungchan, China.*

We had a dandy trip here,—though a protracted and quite expensive one. It costs some money to travel in China, believe me. I think when I get settled down at Loting I shall buy a horse. If the tigers that are said to inhabit that region don't take

a fancy to him, he ought to prove a good investment.

This is an attractive mission. The site was chosen and the house erected with some consideration for the man who would have to live here, contrary to the usual custom, it seems. It is considered a "poor" mission. (Yes, they talk about missions just as they do about parishes in America, but I don't think they are half as serious about it.) Anyhow, it's a

"poor" mission—we are in the backwoods, we get our mail about every ten days. But really, the place is a paradise. It's like a hotel in the Adirondacks. We are in the mountains; the air is light and clear, even bracing sometimes; the dampness is ever so much less than at Yeungkong. There is some vegetation, and our grounds, which are large, Fr. Meyer will make beautiful. The house is good—not architectural-



FR. WALSH AND SOME OF HIS FLOCK. FR. GAUTHIER IS AT FR. WALSH'S RIGHT, AND BEYOND HIM IS THE FIRST MARYKNOLL CATECHIST.

"The background is an ancestral temple, as it was impossible to take a good photograph in the little house now serving for the Catholic Church. Those in the picture are the catechumens of Loting City only."

ly—but it is large, almost roomy, and cool—a satisfactory place to live. The chapel is also large, substantial, and neat.

No priest has lived here for six years, so of course the place is a little run down. Fr. Meyer will have to spend some money on it. But what a contrast to Yeungkong! Yeungkong is probably better now, since we have gone, for five priests crowded the place unmercifully. (This may not sound apostolic, but crowding means something when everybody is studying the Chinese language, that being best done at the top of one's voice.) At Yeungkong the air is heavy and close—one gasps rather than breathes—and the humidity is extreme. Perhaps I magnify those discomforts now. The days at Yeungkong were the first days, when everything was new and strange; we worked hard, too, on what seemed to be an unlearnable language, and I suppose all those things had something to do with my impressions. Fr. Price just wrote me that he and Fr. Ford are well, and that everything is fine there.

I shall go to Loting next week, to get the first peep at my own mission. Fr. Gauthier will guide me. I will send full details of what we find, and do my best to get some pictures, although I am dubious about this, because Fr. Meyer and I tried a couple of rolls of film the other day, and both drew blanks. At Yeungkong they told us that films will not work in May or June, on account of the humidity.

Tungchan, Sunyi,
June 27, 1919.

Yesterday Fr. Gauthier and I got back from Loting. I sent a full account of what we found there to Fr. Price, and he will forward it to you, so I need not go into that again here.

Under separate cover I am mailing a photograph of the



THE GATEWAY INTO LOTING.
An American missioner entering as a stranger into the city that he will call home.

catechumens who welcomed me at Loting. The picture was taken on Sunday, June 22. The background is an ancestral temple, as it was impossible to take a good photograph in the little house now serving for the Catholic church. Those in the picture are the catechumens of Loting City only—the others are scattered so that it was not possible to get them together for this occasion.

The legend on the original reads: "Chuen Taai kau yau foon ying Wa Nok Tak chi chit ying Loh Ting Tin Chue Tong," which means: "Souvenir picture of the happy reception of Fr. Walsh by the members of the Catholic Church of Loting." The picture was posed at the request of the Christians, and paid for by them. The photographer was Chinese.

A SPEECH.

Enclosed herewith is a literal translation of the flowery speech delivered on the occasion. You would like to see the original, with its vermilion paper and beautifully formed Chinese characters, but it might only discourage the Maryknollers from ever hoping to learn this wonderful tongue; and then, too, I am afraid the Loting Christians may expect me to have it framed and hanging in the parlor when I settle down at Loting.

A speech delivered, and afterwards presented on vermilion paper, to Fr. Walsh by the Catechu-

mens of Loting, on the occasion of his first visit:

Welcome!

In the Year of Our Lord, 1919, and the 8th year of the Chinese Republic, on an auspicious day (June 22) in the summer season, the Christians of Loting welcome Father Walsh.

On this beautiful day, when Heaven has tempered its heat and bestows a pleasant breeze on the parched brows of the sons of men, when the summer season is opening out as a flower and scattering abroad the fragrance of the lotus, on this truly golden occasion, there comes to our regions a great man.

Despite wind and wave, over the great waters, and over the mountains for hundreds of miles, without fearing the danger, and counting the trouble as nothing, there comes one to us for the purpose of saving our souls, to ask us the question, "What does it profit you to gain the whole world if you lose your immortal soul?"

He comes to mortals who are very desirous to see his face. He comes with dignity and politeness, giving good example, speaking the words of Life, appearing in our eyes much as a precious gem that will shine forth in good example which we may see and imitate. He comes to help and to teach us, to lend the assistance of his exalted reputation to the numerous Christians of Loting, and to establish here the Church of God, wherein we may pray to God our Father; wherefore we have assembled to congratulate and welcome him with the following song written by us in his honor:

This Father of great ability
We thank God He has sent him to us
To come to the Church of Kwaptung
Of great fame
Over hills and rivers
To preach the Gospel
With zeal and fervor
He was the first scholar in his school
Loving God with true heart
As a burning fire
He studied with great ardor
He knows how little the world is worth
Despising wealth and fame
Wishing to be a minister of God
With steadfast desire
He arrived at the goal
For he wanted to be a soldier of Christ
His wisdom is as high as Heaven
To go about his Master's business
To save souls
Therefore he comes to this place
Lives for a while at Yeungkong
Where he worked with zeal
With true heart for the Church
With the evident blessing of God
Afterwards he will come to Loting
With the greatest pleasure
We are happy to pay our respects
We hope Father will convert souls
More and more every day

May he be as peaceful as the bamboo
May his exalted life flourish as the
banyan tree
May he direct us in all our actions
May God bless him.

The end of the welcome. Presented by the members of the Loting Catholic Church.

N. B. I might hesitate to pass along such a flattering commendation of myself, but it will be understood that these flowery phrases are all formulas in Chinese, always used on occasions of this nature. Besides, it was written before these people ever laid eyes on me. What I think is noteworthy about it is its really Christian tone. I am welcomed not as the representative of a great and rich nation, come to do anything special in a material way, but as one who is held to despise the world, wealth, and fame, and whose mission is to teach them the ways of God and help them to save their souls.

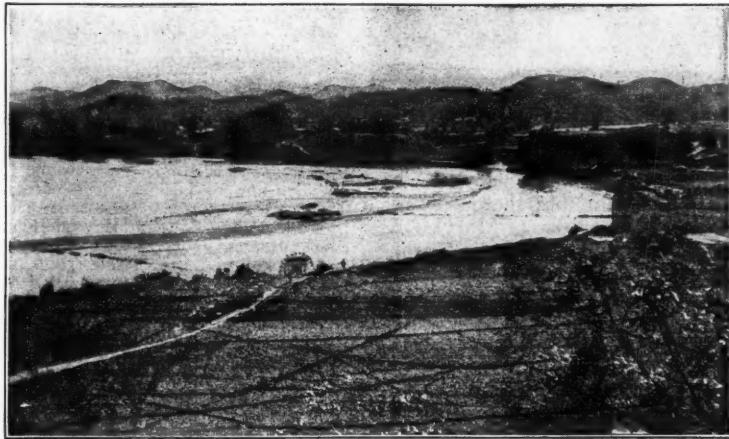
A WAITING MISSION.

Settling down at Loting is the chief idea that is chasing through my wooden head these days. You know we have rented a Chinese house there. Both the Bishop and Fr. Price say I should not attempt to live in it—and while, since my visit, I feel

that I'd be glad to live in the fields only to be there, still there is much reason in the stand they take. A Chinese house is no place for a European—especially one not fully acclimated. The uninitiated won't understand this for they picture the missionary's abode as anything from a haystack to the wide outdoors; but you have seen these Chinese houses, crowded into a little narrow street, with no windows, floors, or chimneys, and you know what the proposition is. In the hot season such a dwelling is like the black hole of Calcutta.

But I ought to be in Loting. There is a nice little movement on, and a priest to reside there is the one thing necessary. A good plan would be to have me go there in November, after our Retreat, and settle down in the Chinese house. It would not be so hot then, and I could live there while my new house was building. There's the rub. A few thousand dollars would buy a property, and put me up a little residence. The house for the priest is the great thing—he must be on the ground. Chapel, school, and so forth can come later. *Comment faire?*

The trip to Loting was the sternest bit of hiking I ever did.



FROM THE CHURCH-TOWER AT TUNGCHAN.

The white area at the left is a sandy beach. The mission rice, ready to cut, may be seen on the river-bank in the foreground.

That "Still Alive" Bequest.

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness—

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

Send for our Annuity leaflet.

Fr. Gauthier says there is no harder trip in the Province, and I believe him. We took chairs, but they did not take us. It is nothing but mountain climbing, and most of the way the coolies had all they could do to lug the chairs, without toting us into the bargain. However, the hot weather was the chief offender. It takes away the "pep" you need for this sort of traveling, leaving you with a big job on your hands and no great heart to tackle it.

But I have often chased over mountains and through woods all day long, while hunting or camping, just for fun; and there is no reason why one can't do as much for souls. In one village we saw a Singer sewing machine, and in another heard an American graphophone grinding out, "Ah, how I have sighed to rest me,"—very appropriately, we thought, having just put a three-thousand-foot mountain behind us—which must mean that some American drummers have trod the same weary road for their \$100 per, or whatever they get. I guess we can go as far as they, and a little bit further.

One thing that makes all the difference in the world in traveling here is the fact that the district is not built up. When there is a well-organized mission, with stations at frequent intervals, traveling need not scare anyone, for no matter how hard the day is, you get into a cosy little station at night, where you are *chez vous* and can get a good night's rest. Where there are no stations, on

the other hand, you drop into a Chinese hotel, and find nothing but unbearable heat, intolerable smoke, and insufferable fleas and mosquitos. This makes some difference to a worn out traveler—I'll say it does.

The best inn we stopped at on this trip was 4 cents a throw. An American hotel keeper would pass away to hear that rate for a night's lodging; but he would come to when he learned what you get for your four cents—for outside of smoke, fleas, and a board to sleep on, you don't get anything at all. Yet I wouldn't miss these experiences for anything. It's only what we dreamed about all these years, and not to realize those dreams would be one big disappointment. Maybe we won't last as long as those who come when things are in better shape, but we wouldn't trade places on a bet.

When Fr. G. and I hove to at Tungchan after our trip, we were about ready for the stretcher, but the mail had come in our absence and it brightened us up wonderfully. I could hardly believe that the cigars and tobacco were for me—it was almost too good to be true, and I appreciate it more than I can say. For the next several months my face shall be wreathed in smiles and smoke.

The same mail brought me a large supply of Prayer Prints, which will be very useful here, also the medals. The medal is a dandy—just what the Christians like. They don't want any of your little affairs—something that everybody can see for them, the bigger the better. There is no human respect among these Chinese Christians: they wear their crosses and medals for all the world to see, and when the priest comes they make sure that everybody will know it; for they all yell out, "God protect you, Father," till it must be heard for miles around. They are something like the Irish—when they are Catholics they want everybody to know it.

A Word to Friends.

To follow our American missionaries in their work, get hold of these words: *vicariate—district stations*.

The *vicariate* is practically the same as a diocese here, and is in charge of the Bishop.

A *district* corresponds to an extensive parish, with its centre and its stations.

Frs. Price and Ford were together in the district of *Yeungkong*, with a dozen stations; Fr. Meyer now has his own district at *Sunyi*; and Fr. Walsh has another at *Loting*. We hope soon to have two priests for each district, so they can see each other often.

"Your men in China are bashful," writes a priest-friend. "I know Fr. —, very well and have been waiting for a hint from him,—something definite, you know."

And we answered, "Why not the yearly pay of a catechist—\$180 a year? Fr. — needs several and will be glad to have you supply one." And it came.

We deny, however, that the Maryknollers are bashful. "The contrary is quite the reverse," to quote a French priest well known to some of our readers.

About every letter that comes from *Yeungkong* is an attack on "father," whose bank account is supposed to be limitless and whose only preoccupation is imagined to be the field afar that has been marked out for Maryknoll's start in China.

And "father" is glad, indeed, at the thought that there are not at the present stage of Maryknoll development twenty or thirty more missions trying to pick his pocket.

Maryknoll has been born at an unusual juncture in the world's history. Divine Providence is evidently calling Catholic America to a great mission undertaking and developments must be rapid to close great gaps in the ranks of workers and to meet a golden opportunity.

The Maryknoll missionaries seek assurance from the homeland that they may engage the services of forty catechists. Will you take one?

A native catechist is a valuable asset in a missionary priest's life. You can share intimately in spreading Christ's Gospel by donating the yearly expenses of a catechist, one hundred and eighty dollars, or fifteen dollars a month.

We find ourselves confronted by the considerable task of providing, here and now, in the United States, several adequate and permanent structures in spite of a difficult labor situation and the circumstances that affect the question of cost.

But "father" does not wish to see his overseas representatives in want. He will urge them to shout their needs gladly across the Pacific, and if their friends don't hear he will add to their allowance—so far as his contractors on this side will allow him to do.

Our work on the missions is a continuous warfare with the devil. The times may change, but the devil does not change, and the weapons which were good at the time of St. Francis Xavier are equal'y good today.
—Abp. Zaleski, Delegate Apostolic of the East Indies.

Rather interesting, this:

The present war has directed our attention to practical international problems and has served to crystallize our thinking as to the importance of foreign missions and of business as a career. There is everywhere apparent the increasing desire that through the cooperation of government, business, and education, constructive thinking of the leaders in these three fields of activity lead to the early establishment of adequate courses of instruction on foreign relations, wisely articulated and coordinated in relation to social and economic needs, not only of this nation but of the great confraternity of nations, the birth of which we can plainly foresee with the conclusion of this war.

DR. GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT,
Specialist in Commercial Education,
United States Bureau of Education.

Bishop Foley.

THE name of the Right Rev. Maurice P. Foley appeared on our obituary list in the September issue, but it did not express the sense of loss which Maryknoll felt when the sad news was cabled from the Philippines.

If you, dear reader, ever met Bishop Foley casually you were possibly not impressed, but if you talked with him your appreciation would have developed into admiration of a priestly Bishop, whose sympathy captivated and whose intelligence inspired you.

The writer remembers him as a thin, lank, awkward boy, appearing for the first time in a class of mathematics at Boston College. He was not prepossessing, and he looked dull on that occasion, but a few days later every student in the class was aware that "the last would be first."

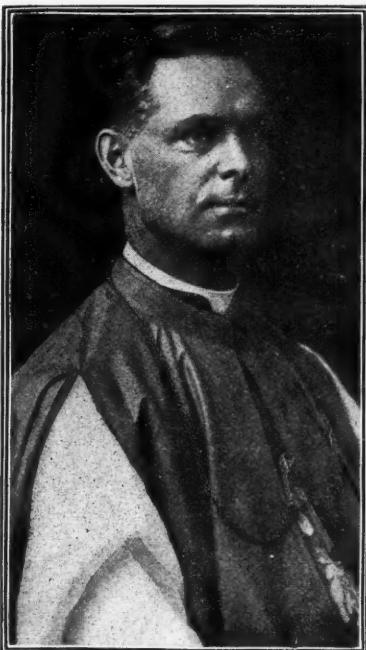
When, at the end of his seminary course, Maurice Foley chose St. Augustine (Florida) for his future field of labor his friends were not surprised; and when, after some years of steady service, the hand of Rome touched him gently and announced his elevation to the episcopate, none who knew him thought it strange. He alone doubted and begged to be allowed to stay where he was. Then came the reflection that perhaps, while refusing honors, he was trying to avoid hardships, and, grace triumphing over nature, he accepted and crossed the seas to the Island possessions.

American bishops were needed badly in the Philippines; so also were American priests, American Catholic lay-teachers, and American money from Catholic sources—not to speak of what could have been easily secured, prayers from American Catholics. But for some reason or another American Catholics were never well awakened to the distressing conditions faced by the American bishops in the Islands. Some

day history will record the facts, the possibilities, the lost opportunities—and the why and wherefore of it all.

In the meantime, Bishop Foley and his confrères of the Philippine episcopate had to suffer, the more so because they were no longer, in many cases, saplings when transplanted.

The writer saw Bishop Foley in January, 1918, at Manila. He looked worn as he came down the



RT. REV. MAURICE P. FOLEY, D.D.
The late revered Bishop of Jaro, P.I.

gangplank from the steamer which had brought him from his mission, but his spirits quickly revived in the happy atmosphere of Archbishop O'Doherty's home. Under date of May 13, 1919, he wrote in his own inimitable style, and immediately in answer to a question asked, "Why not wait another year, till you and Maryknoll have me in your midst once more on my way back to the Islands from my ad limina visit

(Rome), which I hope to make, God willing, some time after Easter?"

God did not so will, and a short month later the following letter came to Maryknoll from the acting Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers, who labored under the loving direction of Bishop Foley:

Undoubtedly, before this reaches you, you will have received news of the awful calamity which has befallen our dear Bishop Foley, and that the fears about which I wrote you have been realized much sooner, and with greater intensity, than was expected.

The poor Bishop went entirely out of his mind on May 30. I had hoped that his trip to Manila and Baguio before Easter would do him some good, but found on his return that his nerves were at high tension. A host of new worries and troubles in the diocese made the condition much worse and must have brought about the crash.

On June 3 Bishop Foley was taken to the hospital in Manila by the Apostolic Delegate, who had come to fetch him by special boat. A fever has developed, and the doctors fear that he will not live long. It is an awful thing to see such a good and sane man, whom one has known so well and learned to like so much, reduced to such a pitiable state. I cannot tell how sorry I feel about it. Bishop Foley was a saint and he has had the life of a martyr down here in Jaro. He worried too much over the thousands of troubles he met every where and every day.

It was hoped that the fever would disappear, and with it the mental effects, but within a few weeks word came that the sufferer had gone to his reward.

There are many among our readers who knew the Bishop of Jaro—and many who are happy in the thought that when he made his quest for God they did not send him away empty-handed. Pray for him. And may the High Priest of Calvary have mercy on his soul!

A MODERN MARTYR

BLESSED THÉOPHANE VÉNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS

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Priests Again.

THE large gift to works of God nearly always comes as a surprise, and after an hour when shadows have deepened from one cause or another. It was under just such conditions that, on a cloudy day some few weeks ago, a messenger came from New York with a letter from Monsignor John McQuirk, of St. Paul's. It was a short note, referring to a memorial gift for Maryknoll, and in the folds of a long envelope were five one-thousand-dollar bonds. Again the cooperation of the American priest! Ours is the happy privilege to know by experience the measure of his heart.

And only a week later we found a check for five hundred dollars, sent by a Massachusetts priest, a young pastor who has secured for Maryknoll in the past few years something over sixteen hundred dollars.

The American priest is, indeed, largely back of what success Maryknoll is meeting.

Waterbury, Connecticut, must learn to know Maryknoll. Rev. Joseph M. Gleeson, late pastor of St. Patrick's Church in that city, has certainly done his share to bring about a relationship between the two.

By his life insurance, Fr. Gleeson has generously provided no fewer than six burses to be immediately operative and a seventh to accumulate. These burses will be divided between the Seminary at Ossining and the Preparatory College, The Vénard, at Clark's Green, Pa.

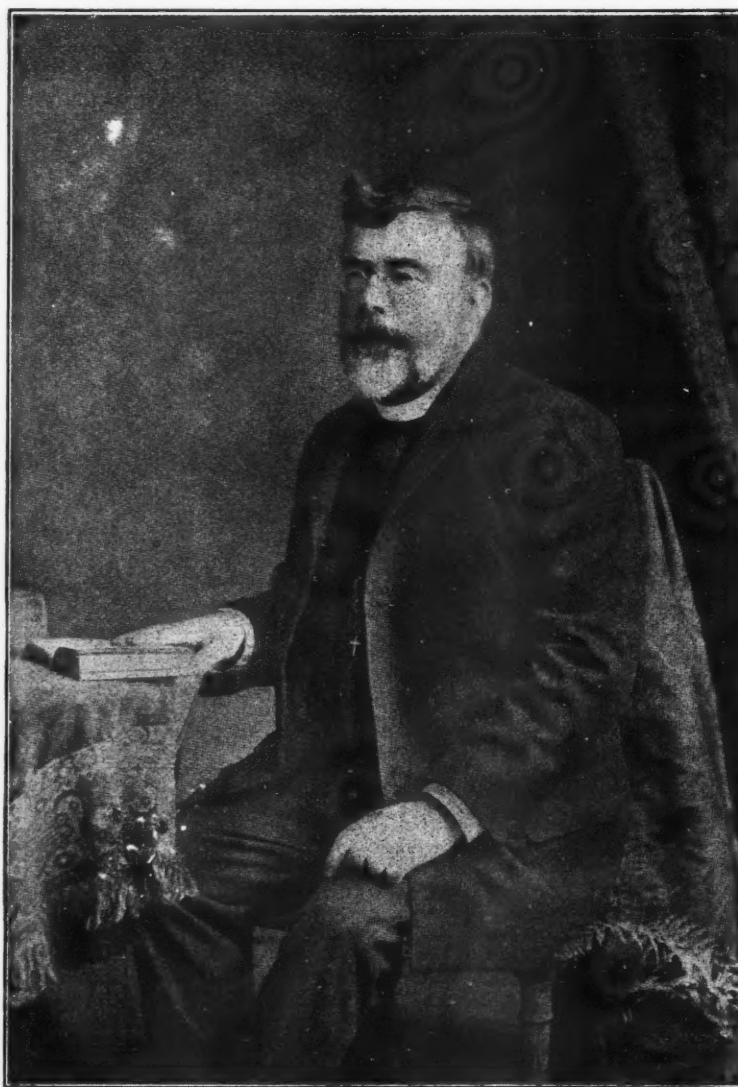
They will be open in turn to young men from St. Patrick's parish in Waterbury, to other Waterbury parishes, to Connecticut boys outside of Waterbury, and to youths of other States.

This benefaction is nothing short of a God-send and we are grateful. Fr. Gleeson becomes a *Founder* of Maryknoll, and while his name will be perpetuated here so far as we can provide for it, his generous and thoughtful act

will surely bring to his soul the hundred-fold reward.

Another friend of the missions who died recently was the Rev. Frederick Schneider, of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fr. Schneider had an unusually fine missionary spirit. He had traveled much in a struggle for

health, but never without returning a stronger admirer of his exiled fellow-priests. His own parishioners were constantly edified by his devotion to all kinds of extra-parochial interests, a devotion that reacted with great spiritual benefit on his own admirable soul as on the congregation entrusted to his shepherding.



REV. JOSEPH M. GLEESON
Founder of seven Maryknoll burses, for aspirants preferably from Waterbury, Conn.

The Beloved Father of Ka-Wei-Se.

By Alice Dease.

IT was what we should call a hut, mud-walled, grass-roofed, but to the Christians of Ka-Wei-Se it was the Holy of Holies, where every morning the Son of God offered Himself in sacrifice to His Father for man. Poor and bare, with what decorations there were tawdry to our way of thinking, it was to the child Pen-se the anteroom of Heaven. Here she knelt daily to assist at Mass and to receive into her heart her Saviour and her King; here, in secret, she begged of God to accept her when the time came as His spouse, to make clear her way of entrance into the congregation of the Virgins of Purgatory, in which so many of her countrywomen dedicate their lives to the service of God. But as yet Pen-se was only a child, and she had not spoken of this wish even to Sister Magdalen, much less had she mentioned it to the beloved Father who daily gave her her heart's joy in Holy Communion. Possibly both one and the other had guessed it, or, at least, they hoped it, for both of them knew that the child had a pure and innocent mind and more than child-like understanding of spiritual things.

Every morning the beloved Father offered up the Sacrifice of the Mass, in the mud-walled chapel, where it was chiefly the cast of his features that distinguished him from the other inhabitants of Ka-Wei-Se. His white skin was tanned to a deeper bronze, perhaps, than the yellow faces of his parishioners; but, like them, he wore a beard; like them, except when on the altar, he wore the ordinary Chinese garb. Yet his heart under his blue gown was French, and when the great European war broke out and France called on all her scattered sons to rally to her flag, Père Benoit le Moine was amongst the first to answer the call.

It was a hard struggle between two duties, but law as well as

patriotism pointed out to him the way to France, and amidst the tears of his people, with his own eyes not quite dry, he started off on his long, long journey to report himself at his regimental headquarters in Lorraine.

"Will he come back?" the people of Ka-Wei-Se asked each other mournfully. "Shall we ever see our beloved Father again?"

It was only little Pen-se who varied this sorrowful questioning, for she said: "Certainly he will come back."

To her, as to the Sisters at the convent, the absence of the beloved Father was a spiritual starvation. Every morning the little girl attended the catechism class, every evening when the nuns gathered for prayer in the little chapel, empty now of its Heavenly Guest, Pen-se followed them, and prayed, too. As often as was possible a missioner from the next station journeyed to Ka-Wei-Se and said Mass in the grass-roofed hut, and every time this happened Pen-se was of the congregation, and every time she prayed for the beloved Father, saying, without any question: "He will come back."

It took months for any news from the war zone to reach that far-off corner of the mission-field, but when it came, with awful details of warfare in the trenches, the prayers of the Christians for their beloved Father were redoubled, and again came the wailing, questioning cry: "Will he come back? Shall we ever see him again?" And again little Pen-se's secret words were different and she whispered below her breath: "He will come back."

And certainly away in the fighting line it seemed as though this bronzed and bearded soldier priest bore a charmed life.

When his company was decimated he alone remained untouched. When two men beside him in his dug-out were blown to pieces he escaped unhurt. Once a bullet pierced his tunic, grazing him harmlessly as it passed.

Twice his helmet was shot off his head. For two days and two nights he lay buried under the debris of a shell-wrecked trench, and though others succumbed, he seemed little the worse for the hardship, which, however, earned for him a time of rest in a less dangerous post, during which he was able to send a full account of his adventures to Ka-Wei-Se, where prayers and thanksgivings were redoubled for him.

So the months passed by, and although three years had elapsed since the beloved Father had left his mission parish he was not forgotten; rather, as the people learned more of the horrors and dangers of the wars of the West, their prayers were increased. The child Pen-se was growing into a big girl, and long since she had revealed her heart's desire to Sister Magdalen, who promised to help her all she could, and who bade her tell the missioner, next time he came to administer the Sacraments at Ka-Wei-Se, of her wish to be a nun.

Yet even before she was able to put this advice in practice a doubt came to Pen-se as to whether, after all, it was through the congregation of the Virgins of Purgatory that the call of God was coming to her. She fell ill—very ill, burning and wasting with fever, and when at last the priest came on one of his periodic visits, it was not exactly what Sister Magdalen suggested that the little girl asked.

"Father," she said "I am ill and want to ask you something. I know that I am very ill, that they do not think I shall ever be well again, but I do not mind; if God calls me to Him in this way it is even better than the call I thought I heard. What I want to ask is if I may offer my life to God for the beloved Father, that he may be brought safely through the war, back to this place where he is loved so well?" And the priest, knowing that death had already laid its seal on Pen-se, gave the permission.

The Sisters knew nothing of this and brought remedies to Pen-se, quinine and mixtures, which she swallowed obediently, yet she grew no better; only when news came that the armistice was signed, and that Father Benoit was to be amongst the first class demobilised—and for him demobilisation meant a return to Ka-Wei-Se—Sister Magdalen saw a more than earthly happiness on the little worn face.

"He is coming back," the child whispered, "the beloved Father is coming back, and I—I have done my life's work, and the Great King is taking me home."

Sister Magdalen, not understanding, asked for further enlightenment, but Pen-se shook her head.

"When I die the strange Father will come to bury me," was all she said; "ask him."

And truly after a short time little Pen-se passed quietly, in her sleep, to the Home of the King of Heaven, and from the priest who came to bury her Sister Magdalen learned of the offering she had made to God, in return for the safety of the beloved Father, and the last words, except those of prayer, which she had heard from the dying childish lips were made clear to her:

"The beloved Father is coming home. Tell him when he comes that when I get to Heaven I will pray for him there."

Père Benoit was on the sea when this message, and the other missioner's explanation with the news of Pen-se's death, reached him. "Surely," he thought to himself "Almighty God sends great consolations to missionaries. Such faith and devotion as Pen-se's compensates for many hardships and long exile."

Let children of today provide a burse for the education of a missioner. We wish to feel that at least one of our burses is the fruit of their simple faith and trained charity. The Holy Child Burse will yet admit many offerings. If you are interested, send for one or more cards. Each is designed to invite one-cent gifts to the number of twenty-five.

The Second Departure.

THE Second Departure of Maryknoll missioners is an accomplished fact. We told our readers that at least two would go, and perhaps three. Three it is, not because there is luck in odd numbers, but because we tried hard to spare an extra man and succeeded.

The figure three has a religious significance, too, and we are happy in the thought that it will recall to our new missioners the symbol of the Trinity and the Holy Family at Nazareth.

The Departure ceremony took place in the evening, on the Birthday of Mary Immaculate. The participants were:

Rev. William F. O'Shea,
of Hudson, New Jersey.
Rev. Daniel L. McShane,
of Columbus, Indiana.
Rev. Alphonse S. Vogel,
of New York City.

The attendance was limited, necessarily, to the communities at Maryknoll; a few relatives and intimate friends of the departing missioners; and a handful of priest-friends, including our outside professors, without whom we would feel that something was lacking. Among these, arriving characteristically at the last moment, was Fr. Bruneau, S. S., who, tireless man that he is, made the jump from Baltimore after a trying period of retreat work.

With the visitors was a Sister of Charity, sister by blood to one of the new missioners. The young priest's father and mother also were present. And last but not least was the widowed mother of another of the three, who smilingly concealed the pangs of separation, which, though tempered by many graces, she must have felt in that trying hour.

At seven-forty the bell that once called pagans to their temple began to toll, and ten minutes later the little chapel was crowded. The psalms that so beautifully make up the *Itinerarium*—the voyage-prayer of the faith-

ful—were recited and the Superior of Maryknoll spoke his parting words to the three priests.

They had come to him as aspirants seven years before at Hawthorne. The Superior reminded them that they are going to undertake a difficult task, trying to body and soul; that the inevitable hardships had often been recalled to them but that they will not realize the extent of their sacrifice until some day when they find themselves with hand on the plow, looking down the length of a furrow that will seem endless.

He reminded them that when the hour of desolation will come they need not fear, because the needed help will be just then nearest to them; that God's grace is sufficient; and that the natural consolations of a missioner's life often out-balance his trials and fatigues.

The Birthday of Mary suggested their re-birth into a new life, and recalled her love for her Divine Son and for all who follow in His footsteps. They were leaving Nazareth, but the Mother's love will follow them as it followed Christ, into the banquet hall, into the synagogue, over the paths of the mountains and through the valleys. It will meet them consolingly, as they look at her from the crosses of seeming death. It will welcome them joyfully as they rise repeatedly to new purpose.

Beautiful is the apostolic ideal, the entire consecration of youth, body and soul, to the extension of God's kingdom into the lands yet dark. "Beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace, that bring glad tidings to men." —Isaias.

These words of Isaias, quoted by St. Paul and used as the text for the Departure sermon, were repeated antiphonally, and when the three young apostles had in unison publicly read their *Propositum*—the purpose to remain during life attached to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of



LEFT MARYKNOLL FOR CHINA. SEPTEMBER 8, 1919

Rev. William F. O'Shea
of Hudson, N.J.

Rev. Daniel L. McShane
of Columbus, Ind.

Rev. Alphonse S. Vogel
of New York City

America—the Superior embraced each, and they in turn embraced the priests, seminarians, and brothers present.

Then, going to the rear of the chapel, the three together gave blessings to the women assembled—their own relatives and the Foreign Mission Sisters of Maryknoll. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed; and a half-hour later, amid cheers and songs, that included the *Hymn of Departure* and *Maryknoll, My Maryknoll*, the young apostles passed out into the darkness of the night to take the train for New York.

Scranton opened its arms in welcome to the travelers, who found themselves the second night in its Cathedral, surrounded by the devoted faithful, in the presence of Bishop Hoban and his priests. The Bishop spoke with the heart of a father to the young aspirants, and the Reverend Director of the Maryknoll Preparatory College expressed gratitude for the many kindnesses extended.

Wednesday, after a night at the College itself—another glimpse of home—they went to Buffalo, passing on to the hospitable Vincentians at Niagara University, thence to Chicago, from which they first made Tech-*ny*, to be greeted by the Society of the Divine Word, then Denver and Los Angeles, on the way to San Francisco,—where they are sure to find at least one kind of smile, the Scotch brand that is carried about by our new Procurator on the Coast. It costs nothing, and pleases without inebriating. (How gracefully in these days we fall on the Prohibition planks.)

At this writing the new missionaries are making final preparations to sail on the *Nanking* of the China Mail, for Honolulu, Japan, Shanghai, Hongkong, and *Maryknoll-in-China*—the least among the princes of Judah.

A gentleman in New York kindly writes, in view of our Second Departure:

You printed a wonderful story about the journey from New York to San Francisco of the last group that left. It was a fine piece of publicity work—so fine that it set me wondering whether you had gotten out of the trip all there was in it of live publicity and financial return—for it came after the trip.

In other words, I was curious to know whether the missionaries had sent word ahead to the cities that they visited, and thus secured advance publicity in those localities.

We are not always in a position to follow such advice, simply because we lack pushers. Those we have are overtaxed, but we like to be advised, and we quite agree with the writer that "the stuff that is printed along the



MOTHER OF THE KNOLL.

This statue, now on a simple pedestal of stone, awaits a donor.

line is the stuff with the push behind it." We must scan the horizon for a publicity agent.

Maryknoll at Home.

FEW youngsters have had the honor of receiving so many members of the Hierarchy as Maryknoll enjoys, but we argue that this is a new kind of work in America and every Catholic bishop is naturally anxious to size it up.

There is nothing like a look at the place, and although we have not much in the line of material

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR, that snappy little mission paper that is bound to clutch the hearts of young people all over the land?

Write for a sample copy of
THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR
The Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

equipment, the Knoll is pronounced worthy of a visit even from the notables. And so they come, taking graciously the little we offer, and glad especially because we do not embarrass them with more.

Lately we were honored with visits from Bishop McNicholas of Duluth and Archbishop McNeil of Toronto. The Bishop of Duluth was accompanied by Fr. Kiley; the Archbishop by Fr. McEachen of the Catholic University of Washington.

A visitor who noticed building operations at Maryknoll recently, said as he landed on our platform, "My, but you must be rich!"

Of course he should have said, "You must be poor, after paying off those workmen." And so we are. But if cash comes this next month and we can pay them again we are well satisfied. What is money good for, except to spend wisely? And we are trying to do this at both Maryknoll and Scranton.

Some one else wrote to one of our boosters, asking for a transfer of efforts from Maryknoll to—, on the ground that Maryknoll is engaged in erecting buildings while "the other fellow" is trying to educate and send out three hundred missionaries, and so forth and so forth.

As if Maryknoll could set up tents for keeps—and as if Maryknoll did not already have seven of her sons on the field or on their way there, and eighty more in preparation! "How do they get that way?"

And this reminds us not to overlook the fact that every extra dollar reaching the Knoll these days means an hour or more of

pay for some workman or artisan who knows his rights and can make life miserable for us if we fail to pay.

Oh, for the good old days, when we could build with no fear of heart-trouble!

Maryknoll is rarely without a missionary guest, and the latest is Fr. Louis C. Poirier, an alumnus of the Paris Seminary. Fr. Poirier is young and belongs to the mission of Maissour in India. Called to the Colors, he returned to France, was wounded in the trenches, recovered, went back to India, and returned for further treatment to Europe. He is in America for a short visit and is engaged in the publication of an historical work.

Fr. Poirier is not collecting in this country, but he has with him a remarkable collection of old ivories (religious subjects) which any respectable person with several thousands of dollars to spare can have for the asking—and the paying. The proceeds will go to Fr. Poirier's mission.

Among the late summer visitors at Maryknoll was the Very Rev. Peter Janser, the new Provincial of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois. Fr. Janser returned a visit made to Techny during the summer by the Superior of Maryknoll, who enjoyed much his brief stay within the hospitable walls of the Fathers.

Already, in 1911, the Maryknoll Superior had seen at Steyl, in Germany, evidence of the splendid enterprise and signal success of the Society of the Divine Word, and he was not surprised to find at Techny an installation inspired by the mother-house. We hope that the American branch of Steyl will soon out-distance its European brothers.

It was only a few months ago, in the early spring, when Maryknoll looked so trim that another priest-visitor who had "watched us grow" candidly told



THE CHICKS THAT SPORT IN OUR BACK-YARD.

us that for the first time we were beginning to be respectable.

Today, should he turn up with his tin whistle, he would think he had wandered into O'Saloon's junk-yard. Trenches cover the once-fair fields; mounds of broken rocks, sand, gravel, and ashes line them; and the tennis court is covered with several hundred tons of coal at seven per. Pick-axes, shovels, iron bars, and hammers break the rules of silence during the day, and an occasional blast brings back memories of Verdun.

And yet—this is progress. We must sink self low and uncover our failings if we would rise in the spiritual life, and we must deepen foundations if we would build well. We are watching the law of life,—to die before we can live,—making messes before we can get into ship-shape.

Well, it's coming slowly,—but it's coming,—here and down in Scranton, and over on the Chinkey Way beyond the Pacific.

A Brooklyn priest visiting Maryknoll recently found us all busy and happy. Had he remained a while, our friend would have caught us in serious mood, but he would hardly have found anybody except the hired man asleep at the switch. Not that everybody here is a model of industry: each is busy, or at least fussy, and some are efficient, but the desire of all is to learn efficiency, and with goodwill, accompanied by a stuffed club, this delightful condition may yet be realized.

The Vénard Letter.

OUR program for the month carried several all-star performances.

The home-coming of the Vénarders, which began—as usual—before the summer vacation was half over, reached its climax in the first week of September, giving The Vénard a banner enrollment. The number of hopeful missionaries not yet matriculated from knickerbockers arouses the admiration of most of the visitors and the amazed comment of some, who cannot understand the wisdom of such babes taking to the pagan woods. "What can their mothers be thinking of?"—and so forth—and so forth.

Possibly St. Paul heard the same objection, for he answered it:—"The weakness of God is stronger than men—and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong." God's voice, when calling, is often low, to test the responsiveness of love, and it is often better heard in tender years than later, when the lure of the world has strengthened the flesh and weakened the spirit.

Almost immediately upon the return to bells and books, followed the second "Ceremony of Departure." In the minds and hearts of our boys this is the event of the year, for each one of them sees in this step the goal of his own ambition and the beginning of "real" life. On this occasion the Vénarders felt entitled to take a most personal interest, for of the departing band Fr. McShane was formerly the Vénard's Director and Frs. O'Shea and Vogel were members of the Vénard faculty during the past year. (Since the four pioneers had been at different times stationed at The Vénard, and two of this year's group were taken from it, the present members of the faculty may reasonably be excused for secretly figuring the probable time-tables and freight-rates for a year hence.)

The Ceremony took place at the Cathedral in Scranton, where Bishop Hoban, presiding, spoke most eloquently on the opportunity presented by China

to American missionaries, and bade the new apostles a hearty Godspeed, with the assurance of continued prayerful remembrance. Afterwards there was an informal reception in the sacristy, where many friends came for a last word and a personal blessing.

And now these chosen ones, so long our intimate brothers, have left for the promised land and we ask the coopera-



THE CORNER-STONE OF THE VÉNARD.

tion of your prayers that they may safely reach the other side and join forces with the pioneer band in a united campaign against the powers of paganism.

The new College building, with its growth badly stunted by over a month of strikes, finally reached the corner-stone stage, and accordingly, on the afternoon of the sixteenth, the Right Rev. Bishop presided at the laying of this precious gem. In his address, Bishop Hoban laid emphasis on the rapid growth of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, which so evidently manifests the special care of Divine Providence. The Vénard is now the largest foreign mission preparatory school in the country, and while it may

be said with truth that our nation has only begun to take a real interest in foreign missions, the Bishop does not hesitate to predict that the Diocese of Scranton and the Vénard College will continue to be "easily first" in the development of apostolic vocations.

The occasion was marked by a large attendance, both the members of the clergy and lay friends showing their personal interest in the progress of the College and the great work for which it exists.

Such were the notable events in our history during the past month. Let us pause a moment to add one more item:

For Sail—to whomsoever can raise the wind—a complete canning outfit, including burns, by Brother Albert, who needs it no more, for has he not just had his picture taken, in the most approved Napoleonic pose, over three thousand prostrate quarts of vegetables and tutti fruiti, interred by him in a recent campaign against the H. C. L.? He has. Q. E. D.

Maryknoll-in-San-Francisco.

THE genial Archbishop Hanna gave a warm welcome to the new director of the Maryknoll Procure, who, with an auxiliary-brother as assistant, arrived safely from the "home-plate" to take charge of "second-base" on the Coast and to be in close touch with the men in "the field" in China.

The two Maryknollers have been busy, especially over the Bay at Oakland. Pastors and their curates, teaching nuns and their charges, religious and lay people, all have been found ready to do what they can to help Americans to become soldiers of Christ on the Church's firing line in fields afar. The Oakland pulpits of St. Joseph's, St. Mary's, St. Andrew's, and St. Patrick's have sent

forth Maryknoll's message and won new friends; while the school-rooms of the Franciscan Fathers, of St. Elizabeth's and St. Anthony's, have been placed at the service of Maryknoll to arouse the interest of the juniors. On the island of Alameda, too, the pastor and the Sisters of Notre Dame gave opportunity to talk to the pupils about vocations and to introduce Fr. Chin's new paper for the young people.

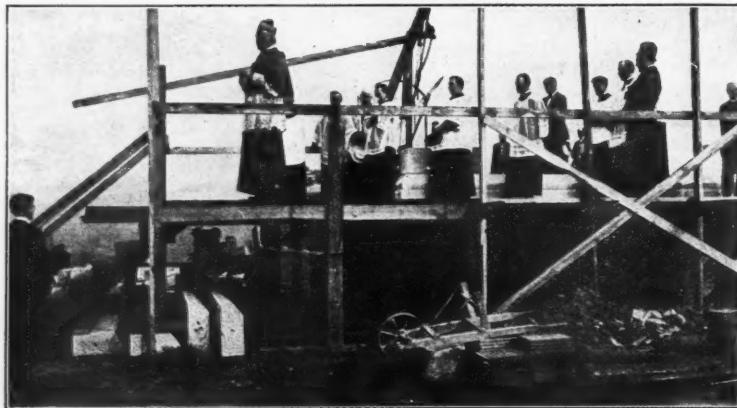
The Californian welcome is cordial. One good priest's heart is big enough to give us a million—if he had it. His parish had been bombarded at all the Masses that morning, his people had been "robbed with their eyes wide open," and he himself had dug down into the bottom of his pocket and unearthed "cartwheels" for Maryknoll—and when the Maryknollers were leaving, he said, "Thank you for coming!"

All days are "fleet days" at the Maryknolls, for Maryknollers, you may know, are busy people. But the "Fleet Day" at the Golden Gate city was an exception. Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, the recently returned Chaplain and an old friend of Maryknoll, called at the Procure and there met others who had come to review the American Fleet from a vantage point on the Procure roof. And in this pleasant company the Knollers watched the great spectacle of the American cruisers in majestic array, steaming their way towards San Francisco and the welcome that San Franciscans know so well how to give.

STUDENT ACTIVITY.

The growing *Fall River Diocese* Burse has this month jumped almost to the top. This is due to a vacation "drive" conducted by the Fall River Diocese students of Maryknoll. They went home with a full supply of propaganda material, including a leaflet giving a comparison between the Fall River Diocese and the Maryknoll Mission in China. A number of pastors allowed the leaflets to be distributed to their congregations, and from the altar gave the work and the aspirant missionaries a special commendation.

After four weeks the "drivers" climbed Sunset Hill with gifts, large and small, aggregating over twelve hundred dollars, and with promises of more than a hundred other donations, which should complete the Burse by the end of this year. The gratitude of Maryknoll goes out to priests and people of the Fall River Diocese.



BISHOP HOBAN OF SCRANTON, AFTER LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE.

VENARD APOSTOLIC SCHOOL:
CLARK'S GREEN, PA.
MAGINNIS & WALSH, ARCHITECTS.



MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT CLARK'S SUMMIT, PA.

The corner-stone of this building was laid by Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Tuesday, September 16, 1919.

The first section, that at the left in the picture, including the water-tower, will be completed next fall. If the idea appeals, Maryknoll will welcome your participation in the cost of this structure, and you need not fear that your share will be too small to please us.

"OBSERVATIONS in the Orient" has brought kind messages from the hierarchy, from priests and nuns, and from the laity. The book has caught the good eye of every Catholic editor who has seen it, and we honestly believe that if we had the services of some clever advertiser it would rank with the best sellers of 1919.

But—we seem to be too busy with other things to be chasing **Observations** all over the country. Or perhaps we are wisely satisfied with the way it is pushing itself.

From the Hierarchy.

It adds a new gem to your crown in the great field of missionary work.

Faithfully yours,
† J. J. HARTY,
Bishop of Omaha.

Every page is intensely interesting. I am sure I shall have a deeper appreciation of your work and your hopes when I reach the last page.

Sincerely in Christ,
† PHILIP R. McDEVITT,
Bishop of Harrisburg.

I have just looked through, all I have had time to do. I hope to find it just the kind of reading for our College boys and I have in mind to have it read at table. I hope it may awaken in some, and

beget in others, a deep interest in our foreign missions.

Sincerely,
† JAMES J. KEANE,
Archbishop of Dubuque.

I am touched very deeply that you dedicated it to our beloved Cardinal of happy memory, who loved your work and rejoiced in your marvelous success.

I find the notes of your journey intensely interesting.

May God continue to bless what I look on as one of our modern miracles, "Maryknoll."

Faithfully in Christ,
† PATRICK J. HAYES,
Archbishop of New York.

The history of your trip through the Orient is most interesting and valuable. I have read it with much enjoyment. It has inspired me with great hope for the future work of the American Church in the Far East.

Hoping that the noble work in which you are engaged will grow more fruitful year by year, I am,

Yours very devotedly,

† JOHN J. CANTWELL,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

I am reading "Observations" with equal pleasure, edification, and instruction. May it prove the pioneer work in a long series of American Catholic stories of those ancient lands now opening to our faith and zeal under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. I am sending

a mite for the holy work of Maryknoll, with a cordial blessing.

† THOMAS J. SHAHAN,
Catholic University.

"Observations in the Orient" is one of the most interesting and instructive books on missions and missionary life in Japan and China that I have read. You have taken pains to learn and describe the little things and the every-day life and conditions so accurately that the reader travels with you and sees the sights and hears the people speak as you saw and heard.

Wishing your apostolic work God's blessing, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,
† REGIS CANEVIN,
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Your book will be an inspiration to many a parent to foster a vocation to the Foreign Missions in the soul of a son or daughter and at the same time encourage such son or daughter to persevere. Moreover, a wide circulation will have the effect of opening the eyes of American Catholics to their duty in supporting the men and women who have volunteered to leave all things to carry the light of the Gospel to those who sit in the valley of darkness and are groping for God and a savior.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours in Christ,
† M. J. HOBAN,
Bishop of Scranton.

The Successful Pull.



Renewals during August 371

New Subscriptions 3,013

Assigned to the junk as discontinued, 1187 stencils.

If yours was among them it will make us especially happy to hear from you.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living—Rev. Friends (33); S. C. B.; M. E. B.; B. C. S.; P. G.; J. E. McC.; P. C.; E. E. M.; C. B. McG.; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. F. and families; M. O'D.; Sr. S. M. M.; Mrs. J. L.; Mrs. C.; T. W. H.; Mr. and Mrs. C. F.; J. A. G.
Deceased—Mary E. Byrne; Mary Hart; Thomas A. Ryan; Milton W. Bangert; Mrs. Morrison; Flynn family; Annie M. Labonte; Donald Campbell; Patrick Connor; Mrs. M. A. Walsh; Hannah O'Brien.

New Jersey hit the top notch with 1,423 subscriptions during August. New York came next, but Missouri, Ohio, and California were close on the heels of New York. We certainly spread thanks to our subscribers.

Five hundred dollars each was the amount asked for the outfit and passage money of the new missionaries, and all were finally provided for. The Catholic Women's Auxiliary of New York City furnished a substantial portion, including the Mass-kits; a priest (poor himself in this world's goods) gathered the wherewithal for one; and a good friend in St. Louis provided another.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

State	Gift	New Subscribers
Alabama	\$ 1.00	3
Arkansas	1.00	
California	268.15	102
Connecticut	473.70	12
Delaware	4.00	
District of Columbia	30.00	7
Florida	4.00	
Georgia		1
Idaho	169.42	53
Illinois	149.00	9
Indiana	5.25	2
Iowa	20.45	2
Kansas		1
Kentucky		1
Louisiana		1
Maine	6.00	1
Maryland	10.00	20
Massachusetts	*10,017.31	54
Michigan	30.00	60
Minnesota	3.00	12
Missouri	853.19	336
Montana		2
Nebraska	8.00	1
New Hampshire	106.00	
New Jersey	645.95	1,423
New York	807.17	443
North Carolina	4.00	
Ohio	73.50	370
Oklahoma		1
Pennsylvania	663.51	40
Rhode Island	31.50	46
South Carolina	3.75	1
South Dakota		1
Texas	1.00	
Vermont	5.00	1
Washington	2.00	2
Wisconsin		1

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS

Canada	1.00	3
Japan	5.00	
Rio de Janeiro	12.89	
B. E. Africa	2.00	

Total of New Subscribers 3,013

*Annuity, \$1,000

MARYKNOLL LAND SALES

(Original Purchase)

Total area	4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Sept. 10, 1919	2,877,242 ft.
For sale at 1 cent a foot	1,572,758 ft.

VÉNARD LAND SALES

Total area at the Vénard	6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Sept. 10, 1919	1,192,004 ft.
For sale at ½ cent a foot	4,807,160 ft.

SPECIAL FUNDS

The funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

Our Daily Bread Fund	\$ 1,021.22
Maryknoll Propaganda Fund	5,000.00
Altar Wine Fund	200.00
Sanctuary Candle Fund	250.00
Sandwich Old Fund	150.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund No. 1 (Complete)	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund No. 2 (Complete)	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund No. 3 (Complete)	14,000.00
Abp. Williams Catechist Fund No. 4 (Incomplete)	1,500.00
Yeungkong Catechist Fund No. 1 (Complete)	4,000.00
Yeungkong Catechist Fund No. 2 (Incomplete)	200.00

If you like us well enough join us for life—and for eternity.
 Be a Perpetual Maryknoller.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS

A Burse is a sum of money, the interest of which will board and educate, continuously, one student for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete)

Cardinal Farley Burse	\$ 5,000.00
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.00
John L. Boland Burse	6,000.00
Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.00
St. Willibrord Burse	15,000.00
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000.00
Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.00
Mary Queen of Apostles Burse	5,000.00
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,002.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.00
Holy Trinity Burse	6,000.00
Father B. Burse	16,273.31
Bishop Dorian Memorial Burse	5,000.00
St. Charles Borromeo Burse	15,000.00
St. Thomas the Apostle Burse	5,000.00
St. Catherine of Siena Burse	5,000.00

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete)

C. W. B. L. Burse	\$ 5,423.60
Abp. John J. Williams Burse	5,279.21
St. Teresa Burse	*5,018.27
Fall River Diocese Burse	4,436.31
Bl. Julie Billiart Burse	4,342.74
St. Columba Burse	4,081.00
St. Joseph Burse	3,923.35
Holy Ghost Burse	3,890.19
Sacred Heart Burse, No. 2	3,668.55
All Souls Burse	3,328.86
Chenerus Centennial School Burse	3,201.12
Cure of Ars Burse	3,171.11
Our Sunday Visitor Burse	3,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse	2,627.44
St. Patrick Burse	2,170.61
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	2,049.18
Fr. Chapman Memorial Burse	1,702.70
Our Lady of Mercy Burse	1,643.74
Pius X Burse	1,591.00
St. Anthony Burse	1,562.14
Most Precious Blood Burse	1,487.66
St. Anne Burse	1,384.71
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,318.00
St. Dominic Burse	1,260.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse	1,237.21
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,111.36
Holy Eucharist Burse	1,033.10
Holy Souls Burse	1,000.00
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse	944.25
Bl. Margaret Mary Burse	795.82
Durwiche Burse	699.49
Duluth Diocese Burse	680.00
St. John the Baptist Burse	684.33
St. Francis of Assisi Burse	633.47
Fr. Champlin Memorial Burse	390.21
St. Lawrence Burse	375.25
St. Stephen Burse	353.00
Trinity Wakanusai Burse	350.00
St. Agnes Burse	341.05
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	307.20
St. Michael Burse	300.00
St. Rita Burse	293.55
Holy Family Burse	255.00
St. Francis Xavier Burse	256.51
Immaculate Conception Patron of America Burse	246.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	196.16
St. La Salle Burse	187.35
St. Boniface Burse	156.00
Our Lady of Victory Burse	120.16
Children of Mary Burse	127.00
All Saints Burse	105.75

VÉNARD BURSES (Incomplete)

Little Flower Burse	\$ 2,821.60
Blessed Sacrament Burse	2,300.00
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse	1,529.00
Sodality St. Virgin Mary Burse	1,000.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)	1,000.00
C. Burse	910.00
St. Aloysius Burse	474.00

A new burse may not be entered on the list until it has reached \$100.

*On hand but not operative.

**\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

MARYKNOLL MISSION BURSES	
(For the education and support of native students for the priesthood.)	
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse (Complete).....	\$ 1,500.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse (Incomplete).....	600.00

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000, the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Vénard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund
(Incomplete)..... 112.24

VÉNARD STUDENT AID

Vénard Circles Fund, No. 1 (Complete) 1,000.00
Vénard Circles Fund, No. 2
(Incomplete)..... 660.30

I have not much but to my limit I desire to share in your great work.

—N. Y.

Enclosed you will find check for \$15. \$10 please accept as a "penance" for my delay: the balance will carry me along as a subscriber for some time.

—N. J.

The enclosed (\$50 Liberty Bond) will stop a gap in some of your fences in your portion of the good Lord's vineyard. The matured coupon will pay for my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

—Neb.

Please do not send an answer: save stamps, labor and paper! I shall always be an enthusiastic worker for Maryknoll, as long as God spares me; and this, to be sure, only for His greater glory!

—N. Y.

I don't know how I could use this money (\$50) better. If I kept it longer I might die without it doing me any good. If I should need it for anything else the good Lord will provide. God bless your work!

—N. Y.

Some time ago you sent me two sets of your Mission Educational Cards. They have done an immense amount of God's work. I have found them very valuable for myself and for one of our students to whom I gave them.

—N. Y.

Enclosed you will find check for \$10. It is a matter of casting bread upon the waters in the expectation of getting a return. I am interested in a missionary scheme myself and want the Lord to send me some money on account of this sacrifice.

—Texas.

A Liberty Bond (\$50) is acceptable as payment for a Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

Here is a small gift for your great work. There is no string to it. Use it in any way you deem most helpful to the Cause. May God always bless your work, and may Maryknoll grow and prosper, and become in time the greatest, most powerful, and most effective institution in the world for the spread of God's truth among the nations!

—Ky.

"Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land." I shall esteem it a privilege to have a slight share in your noble and truly Catholic work and take great pleasure in forwarding my check for \$50 for one tract of the new land. It is eminently suited for the permanent site of your contemplated Seminary.

—Mass.

Sometime ago I made a promise to take out a Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Mission Society if I should succeed in getting the loan of some money needed in my parish. I got the money, and so I am sending you a check. I have been a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR ever since its beginning, and you may rely on my goodwill and assistance in the future.

—La.

Allow me to pay for one lot of your new purchase. I have a "hunch" that you will not lack for means, at least if those who read THE FIELD AFAR have any spare cash or any friends who have any. "God's blessing on your work!" That is a common expression among the Irish at home, but unfortunately the Irish of the New World are too business-like to use it. Well, that is my wish and my hope for you.

—D. C.

I enclose a \$100 Bond, leaving you free to apply it as you will. Take one dollar out of it to pay for my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, which I pass on regularly now to a convent of Carmelite nuns in England, where a stray copy sent some months ago seems to have been much appreciated.

Requests for funds for The Vénard and for purchase of land have been lying on my desk for months, and, believe me, it is with feelings of distress that I see them unanswered—the spirit is willing but the purse is weak and has many urgent calls upon it. I pray God's blessing abundantly upon all your works.

—Minn.

Breviaries are very welcome at Maryknoll, whether they be in sets entire or broken, so long as they bear on the fly-leaf the name of Pius X. We hear occasionally of missionaries who seem to have not yet been able to secure the reformed edition.

Ready for Xmas.

You—make it we—who were young a generation ago knew no foreign mission books, because there were practically none in the English language.

Today things are different, and some of the most interesting Catholic books and magazines treat of the missions, a subject full of interest, information, and edification.

Think of this when you are trying to figure out what kind of Christmas gift to make to John or Johnnie, to Margaret or Peggie.

(PUBLISHED AT MARYKNOLL)

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs	\$.40
Stories from The Field Afar ..	.60
Field Afar Tales60
A Modern Martyr (Life of Bl. Théophane Vénard)75
An American Missionary (Fr. Judge, S. J., in Alaska)75
Théophane Vénard (in French)60
The Martyr of Futuna (Bl. Peter Chanel)75
For the Faith (Just de Bretenières)	1.00
Bound Vols. F. A.	2.00
Observations in the Orient	2.50

The Lily of Mary	\$.50
Bernadette of Lourdes	1.00

(OUTSIDE PUBLICATIONS)

Our Lord's Last Will	\$.70
The Workers are Few	1.00
The Church in Many Lands ..	1.00
With Christ in China50
Our Missionary Life in India ..	1.00
Bl. Jean Gabriel Perboyre ..	1.00

(All Books Postpaid)

Address

THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE
Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.

Have you noticed a new Burse on the list? This time St. Michael honors us, and the foundation to which his name is attached starts with \$300.

ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE**Improved Instruction
for Deaf-Mutes****WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK**

BOYS' DEPT.	GIRLS' DEPT.
Phone	Phone
Westchester 29	Westchester 330

Brooklyn Branch for Girls, 113 Buffalo Ave.



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION CIRCLES

THE Rosary—mysteries of grace. And recall, please, that millions of heathen souls in the world today know nothing of the joys of the Incarnation, the sorrows of the Passion, and the glories of the Resurrection.

Very promising for the winter is the outlook along the lengthening line of Maryknoll Circles.

To the many who like the Circle idea, but are hesitating because they have little time to give, we say:

If the desire has come to you, act. You may not have time to sew for Maryknoll: then gather together a little group who will pray, a band of helpers who will make visits to the Blessed Sacrament, or give a rosary, or ejaculations, or daily trials or good works. This form of help will be most welcome.

If possible, have the members meet once a month for a mission evening. Maryknoll will gladly furnish mission literature for the occasion, and also, if desired, simple work which will not be too exacting.

The departure of three more priests for China brings up some needs that many Circles will feel privileged to meet. Every mission altar must be provided with three linen cloths, a long one and two shorter under-cloths. Another plain linen cloth is required for Benediction. For the smaller pieces that will keep nimble fingers busy, we mention: corporals, purificators, palls, amices, and lavabo, ablution, and sacristy towels. For priests and seminarians at Maryknoll itself, albs and surplices are needed. The Circle Director will gladly furnish further information or send samples to those who wish to undertake any of this work.

From St. Louis, came one day a generous supply of small linens,

of fine quality and perfect workmanship.

With cooler weather and an "at-home" air about the city houses, we again present the idea suggested from Philadelphia that Circle members seek renewals of subscriptions for THE FIELD AFAR. Help us to keep our friends.

New friends from Troy, N. Y., write:

Enclosed find money order for \$10, the dues of St. Vincent's Circle founded here in June.

We have adopted the American Missioners, and offer Holy Communion for them every Thursday. We hope to do our bit both spiritually and materially for St. Vincent's Bourse.

A Circle of Perpetual Members. Ask your friends to be ours—for life. Fifty dollars will do this. The month of the Holy Souls is approaching. Spiritual benefits of memberships may be applied to some deceased relative, who perhaps is pleading, "Have pity on me at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me."

The Vénard Circle of Pittston, last year sent us a \$100 Bond. Now they have caught the catechist idea and give the following assurance:

The request in THE FIELD AFAR for the support of a catechist in China (\$180) has met with the hearty approval of the ten members of the Circle. Please let us know as soon as possible, how you wish the money—at the end of the year or in monthly payments.

Spiritual and material aid comes from H. W. C. Circle, W. Orange, N. J. The secretary writes:

Under separate cover please find thirty-five towels from our Circle.

At our last meeting each member promised a daily prayer, a weekly rosary, a monthly Communion, for Maryknoll. When Circle activities start again we hope to do some temporal good for the missions and particularly for the Maryknoll missionaries in China.

MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA NEEDS

\$5,000 for a Complete Mission Establishment for Fr. Walsh's new mission at Loting.

\$1,000 for each of fourteen new Chapels.

\$300 for the yearly Personal Support (food, clothing, and service) of each of six missionaries.

\$200 for the yearly Travel Expenses of each of six missionaries.

\$100 for the yearly support of twenty Chinese Seminarians.

\$15 a month for the maintenance of each of forty catechists.

Wanted for Christmas.

A sweater	Shoes
An army blanket	A rubber collar
Shaving-sticks	Tooth-powder
A Thermos bottle	A typewriter
An alarm clock	A first-aid kit
A fountain pen	A gun

High School girls in Philadelphia have formed a Circle under the patronage of The Sacred Heart. They have already rendered valued assistance in card checking, and are full of enthusiasm for the future. They give evidence of this as follows:

Our Circle consists of girls from 14 to 17 years, who are all more than anxious to help foreign missions. The members want to make napkins if these will be acceptable.

We assured them of Maryknoll's appreciation.

That some Circles did not slacken in zeal even during the summer, is evidenced by the following extract:

I am sending under separate cover, four altar cloths, four amices, three corporals, five purificators, two palls and about fifteen finger towels. If you will kindly send me a complete list of all the pieces required, with their dimensions, the members will be happy to make another set.

Within twenty-four hours after this box arrived, the contents went into the outfits of our departing missionaries.

"Observations in the Orient," writes a priest, "is one of the best books I can suggest for reading in the upper grades of our schools. Why don't you get after that idea? The index, especially, makes it very valuable as a class reference book."



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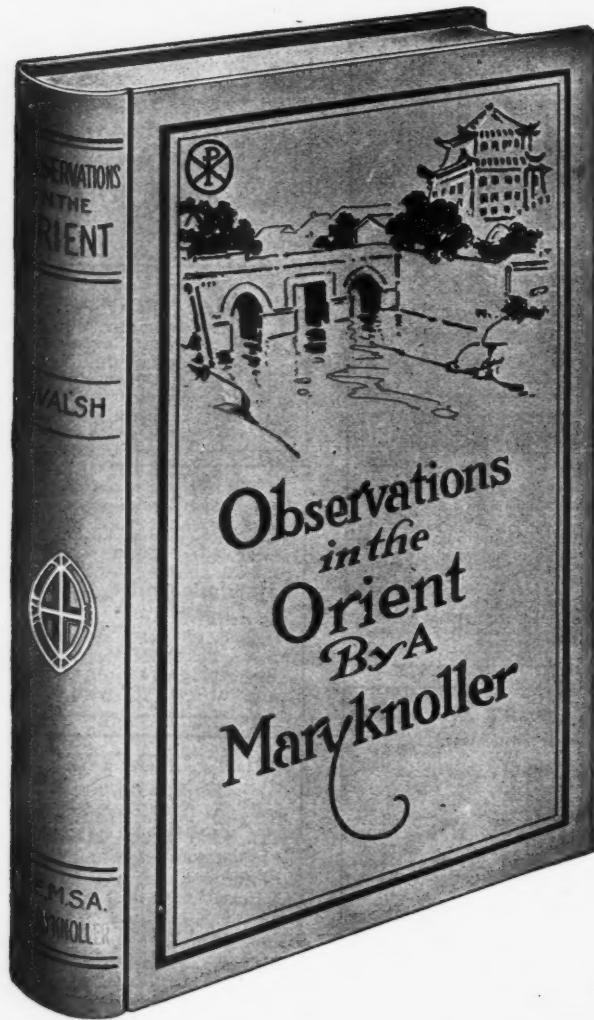
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